

## EDGAR'S DECISION.

The large doors of the bakery swung open, and the proprietor, a short, fat rosy-cheeked man, entered with a fussy, consequential air, and looked around sharply.

"Goymer, I shall be glad of a few minutes conversation with you," he said, addressing his chief baker. "Ahem—now, please," he added abruptly.

Edgar Goymer looked up inquiringly, and an expression of surprise was visible on his face as he followed his employer into his private room.

"The fact is," begun Mr. Richards, "at the request of several of my best customers I have decided to commence baking Sunday dinners, therefore after the first month I shall require your services every Sunday from ten till two o'clock.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but—"

"Don't attempt to give an answer now," interrupted his master, "we're only in the first week in July, so I can allow you a fortnight to think the matter over. You see, I *must* make this arrangement, for of course, if I refuse to oblige my customers I shall lose them. I'll give you two dollars a week extra, I think that will make it worth your while to come."

Edgar shook his head; Mr. Richards gave him a searching look, then rose and brought the interview to a close.

"Of course, if you will not oblige me, Goymer, I must find some one who will," he said, in an independent tone. "However," he added, pleasantly, "I should be sorry to dismiss you, for, I must say, I never had one in my employ who suited me so well in every respect as yourself."

Edgar's face flushed with pleasure, for the compliment had fallen like balm upon his troubled heart, troubled because that unexpected communication and request dealt a shattering blow to his fondly-cherished wish to remain in Mr. Richards' employ until able to commence business on his own account.

He had become greatly attached to his abode, for he had resided in that little town long enough to form pleasant connections, to leave which would be a sore trial, and he feared that he would have to do so if dismissed from Mr. Richards' service, because he felt sure of being unable to obtain a similiar situation in the neighborhood.

He had no near relatives, his parents, whose only child he was, had been called from this world several years previous, but with God's help, he had not departed from the right way in which they had trained him to go.

He had not neglected to pray to his heavenly Father both in private and in public, and he had endeavored to rule his

life according to the advice given by his Almighty Friend in the Bible; thus, as he returned to the bakery, precious words from that holy Book flashed into his memory to aid him in making his decision.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

"Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it."

"God's blessing if I keep holy His Sabbath day," he said to himself, softly. "No, indeed, I'll not spend four hours of it in doing unnecessary work. God's blessing, ah, that's worth far more than two dollars a week."

So, notwithstanding the remonstrances of one or two young acquaintances who entreated him not to ruin his prospects, he firmly, yet respectfully, made known to Mr. Richards his decision. The result was that his master instantly gave him his dismissal, and then turned away with a secret consciousness that he could not easily find a worthy successor.

Poor Edgar's faith was sorely tried during the month that followed, for all efforts to obtain a situation failed; however the remembrance of the promise, "They that trust in the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good," gave him courage.

One evening, on returning from a service at a little mission hall, he was accosted by an elderly man, and questioned as to whether he was still in need of a situation.

Edgar answered in the affirmative; whereupon he was requested to accompany the stranger to the house of his brother, where he was staying, and assured that he would there hear of an advantageous opening.

And Edgar's hopes were realized beyond his expectations.

On reaching their destination, which proved to be the private residence of Mr. John Markam, one of the leading tradesmen of the town, he was kindly received by that gentleman and informed by him that having heard, on good authority, the reason why he received his dismissal from his situation, and that reason convincing him that he was a young man of sound principles, a God-fearing man, he had recommended him to his brother, who required the services of such an one as manager of the extensive bakery and confectionery business which he had arranged to open on a prominent street of the town.

Edgar's eyes were filled with tears of gratitude as he attempted to thank his friend for the kind interest which he had taken in him.

"Don't thank me, Goymer," was the

quick remark, "thank God for the strength which enabled you to make a wise decision. 'Them that honor Me, I will honor.' That's His promise, and depend upon it, He never fails to keep it."

And then Mr. Mark Markam, spoke, and his words were to the effect that he was willing and anxious to engage Edgar at once, and upon the most liberal terms.

And the very next day the young fellow entered upon his new duties, and because "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord" he received the fulfillment of the Lord's promise to bless all the work of the hand of those who obey His commands, and to open unto them His good treasure.—*Daphne Hammonde.*

## IN LOVE WITH HIS MOTHER.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy to turn out bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife; but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her sere-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied springtime.—*Woman's Signal.*

## WHAT THE SPIDER TOLD.

"I was spinning a web in the rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patches on the doorstep. Her thread knotted and her needle broke, and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it,' she cried. 'I can't! I can't!'"

"Then her mother came, and bade her look at me. Now every time I spun a nice, silky thread, and tried to fasten it from one branch to another, the wind blew and tore it away.

"This happened many times, but at last I made one that did not break, and fastened it close, and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.

"What a patient spider!" she said.

"The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine and a square of beautiful patchwork on the step."—*Babyland.*